

Russia has her generals; we have our umpires.

In entering the profession of robbery a person may become either a burglar or a bank director.

Alcohol is a good motive power. Note the speed at which it helps a man along to the porch.

Carnegie spells kissed "kist," but the change creates no change in the methods of going about the matter.

It is quite possible that even the President will forget occasionally and spell some of them the old way.

The first move of a spelling reform in Russia would be to take a cold chisel and knock off the ski's and vitch's.

Perhaps the man who invented seedless grapes will now produce watermelons that will have handles to carry them by.

Never having used tobacco in any form, Banker Hippie of Philadelphia might have lived to a ripe old age, had he not committed suicide.

Threatened with a kiss, an Oklahoma girl jerked her head back suddenly and broke her neck. The moral of which is in the application thereof.

The trouble is that after you have mastered the reformed orthography of 300 words the reformers will come along with 300 more equally as bad.

Scientists declare that the Arctic regions will extend until they annihilate our civilization. In other words, if we do not get to the North Pole it will come after us.

A Chinaman has been arrested in Chicago for "mashing." Can there be any further doubt concerning the yellow man's advancement in the ways of civilization?

The captain of the American ship Bangalore reports having seen an iceberg nine miles long and 800 feet high, but it is too late in the year to arouse enthusiasm with a lie like that.

Nature always does things about right. When she creates a man with a weakness for putting his foot in his mouth, she invariably provides him with an adequate breadth of mouth.

Some newspapers are so thoroughly prejudiced against Mr. Rockefeller that they continue to print bald-headed portraits of him, notwithstanding he has gone to the expense of purchasing a wig.

The Wall Street Journal is the latest to follow James J. Hill in teaching the farmer how to farm. It is a good deal easier and more delightful for a man who does not know a plow from a harrow to tell how to do it than it is to do the same.

As showing how the human race has succeeded in climbing upward during the last hundred years it is worth recalling that when General Pike discovered the peak now bearing his name he said no man ever would be able to reach its summit.

Though the waste and suffering of the wars of the last half century have been terrible, they were not without compensation. As a direct consequence of some and an indirect consequence of others, what we regard as the beneficent principle of democracy has been immensely promoted in Italy, in France, in Cuba, and progress, we may be sure, has been made possible in Russia. It is not for merely selfish reasons that the governments of the modern world are very cautious as to the beginning of disarmament.

The last generation has been remarkable for its development of colossal fortunes. It is well within a reasonable estimate to say that the combined fortunes of six great capitalists of today, for whom which have been the product of the enterprise of the last thirty years, make a total of \$1,100,000,000. In 1870 it would have been difficult to have discovered in this country six private fortunes which would have aggregated \$250,000,000. This simple fact is perhaps the most striking illustration which could be given of the extraordinary growth of wealth in the United States in a few hands. It should not be forgotten, however, that the wealth of the country has in the same time increased from \$30,000,000 to \$104,000,000,000, and the per capita wealth from \$779 to about \$1,254.

A remarkable example of the skill and preciseness of engineering achievements is afforded by the measurements which were taken before completing the junction of the tunnels under the Hudson River at New York, under construction by the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is shown that these structures, starting from the opposite shores and meeting in the middle of the river, have been carried forward under the river bed with such accuracy that they will meet and fit into each other with a variation of a sixteenth of an inch. In other words, hundreds of yards of subterranean construction through mud and water have been traversed with practically no more variation from the prescribed lines than if they had been laid out on an open plain. Joined with this is another record even more creditable. Although this sort of tunnel work is classed as extra hazardous and in smaller enterprises fatalities have occurred, it is stated that not a single life has been lost in this construction.

President Roosevelt's letter to Rear Admiral Thomas, commending him for his stand in the matter of the damage suit of a sailor who was excluded from a public place of entertainment because of his uniform, and inclosing a check for \$100 toward the expenses of the suit, calls renewed attention to the

discussion which is going on in the country over the attitude manifested toward enlisted men in the uniform of the United States. When soldiers or sailors are on parade or when, in time of public danger, they march to the scene of war or press forward to protect persons or property, they win public applause. Thousands have their emotions quickly stirred by the sight of the lines of blue and the flying flags. It is strange that the same soldiers or sailors, when out of ranks mingling with their fellow citizens, often fail to receive the treatment accorded to the meekest civilian. The soldier in war is a hero; in peace, it sometimes seems as if no one wants him around. The President makes a strong statement about the personnel of the soldiers and sailors: "There is no finer body of men in all our country than the enlisted men of the army and navy of the United States, and I cannot sufficiently express my indignation and contempt for any man who treats his uniform save with the respect to which it is entitled." If all agreed with the executive on this point there would be no insults offered to uniformed representatives of army and navy. There is great difficulty in getting good men to join the army and navy. The "rough and tough" often try to enlist, while men of fair common school education, physically qualified, are hard to get. The requirements of enlisting officers are severe. Not one-quarter of the men who apply are accepted. Among them are some low grade men so far as personal habits go, but as a rule they are even in this respect up to the average of citizenship. Still the temptations offered to them, owing to their mode of life, are trying and some of them yield easily. It is easy to show disrespect to the uniform if the wearer of it forgets his own obligation to it, but this does not often happen. The average American seldom comes in contact with a soldier or sailor. His opinion is likely to be adverse toward an enlisted man because of slanderous stories he has heard or owing to popular notions falsely entertained. For the soldier or sailor as a class he has little regard, because he knows little about life in the navy, except as he has read of it in the "tales for the marines," and possibly does not believe in a standing army. It is not difficult for the "plain citizen" to show lack of regard for the uniform, even though he knows the wearer of it has sworn to preserve, protect, and defend the constitution and the country, if need be, with the sacrifice of his life. With the new spirit in favor of a larger and better army and navy must come more general respect for the men who make them both respectable. The attitude of the President and admiral toward the case of the sailor at Newport will have great effect in creating a public sentiment opposed to discrimination against any worthy man in the uniform of his country.

NOTED LIBERAL CLERGYMAN.

Most Influential Religious and Social Worker in the West.

One of the most influential religious and social workers in the West is Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. He was born in Wales and cradled in Wisconsin, his parents having removed to this country when he was a year old. He served in the Union ranks throughout the Civil War, and in 1870, after his graduation from Meadville Theological Seminary, began his first pastoral work at Winnetka, Ill. In 1880 he went to Chicago as general secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, in which capacity he served nine years. He also organized and was first secretary of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society; established in 1878, with others, Unity, a weekly paper, now the organ of the Congress of Religions, and has been its editor-in-chief since 1880. In this year the spirit within him demanded fuller expression than was given him as secretary of the Western Conference, and he "hired a hall and hung out his shingle as a preacher."

The gospel of universal brotherhood and "freedom, fellowship and character in religion" burned within him and must find expression, so he organized All Souls' Church, the services being held in a hall. At this first service there were about 20 people, but half of these never came again. Nevertheless the seed sprouted and made steady growth.

In time a church building, with many of the appurtenances of a club house, was erected. The method of work is that followed by all liberal churches and known as Unity Club work. This includes a systematic course of study in literature and religion, science and other useful topics with a special view to character building, under the direction of the pastor. The pastor of All Souls' was one of the leaders in organizing the World's Parliament of Religions in 1893, and became the general secretary of the Congress of Religions—a natural sequence to the parliament; was the first president of the Illinois State Conference of Charities. Is one of the lecturers in English in the University of Chicago extension course; is founder and president of the Tower Hill Summer School of Literature and Religion, and is the author of seven books besides the one in which he is joint author with W. C. Gannett—"The Faith That Makes Faithful. As a worker Mr. Jones has few equals, and as an organizer he is unsurpassed.



"Can't I do something for you?" "No, thank, I don't believe in you."—LIP



WAUKESHA'S RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY THAT DEFENDS SOLELY ON FAITH FOR MATERIAL SUPPORT AND VENTS ITS FERVOR IN ACROBATICS.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all religious colonies that accept the Bible as their only guide has been established at Waukesha, Wis. In the mineral water belt the colonists are known as the "Holy Jumpers," legally they are incorporated as the "Metropolitan Church Association," and for everyday purposes they call themselves members of the "Holiness" band.

In a sense the colony is communistic, but its underlying principle is opposed to the standards of business. No commercial or industrial feature is interwoven in the enterprise. There are eighty acres of corn and vegetables, but this will not support the hundreds who have identified themselves with the movement. There is a printing establishment, but no profits on the books or pamphlets.

"The Lord will provide," assert the colonists, who devote all their time to religion and immaterial matters, without providing for feeding, clothing or housing. Yet the leaders in the movement were formerly shrewd and successful business men, while the rank and file are in intelligence above the average of the kind who usually identify themselves with a religious cause.

For the time being the Holy Jumpers are a great attraction at Waukesha and a marvel to every sober-minded person who visits them. Duke M. Farson, the most extraordinary person in "religion" in the country to-day, stands at the head of the Jumpers. He amassed a fortune in the bond business in Chicago and was regarded as a millionaire. He drifted from the luxuries and extravagances of city life deeper and deeper into religious matters until finally he sold out what was left of his business and disposed of his real estate, devoting his time to spiritual matters. A Methodist with inclinations toward "shouting," he occasionally filled the pulpits of prominent churches in Chicago until they came a time when the exuberance of his joy caused him and his friends to commit disturbing excesses, and then they organized what was constituted a Metropolitan Church, into which they have put their money as well as their faith. The organization increased and as they feared police interference in Chicago, they moved to Waukesha, where they bought the old

Fountain Springs Hotel, an enormous stone structure containing 500 rooms besides the grand dining-room. There are about 300 persons in the colony, nearly all adults, while Farson is the leader by common consent. Another important personage is F. M. Messenger, general superintendent, who for years was general manager of the Grosvenor Cotton Mills at North Grosvenor, Conn., and who, since joining the colony, has twice refused offers of \$15,000 to manage mills. He looks after the physical property. Edwin L. Harvey, vice president, has a chain of lodging houses in Chicago, which were patronized by 2,000 men every night. He gave up this business, with its large income, to join the Jumpers. His wife is treasurer.

Heard and viewed from a little distance, one of the regular Sunday night church services of the Waukesha enthusiasts resembles a cross between a foot-ball rush and a red hot political convention. After the services have been opened with song it takes about one minute to develop the demonstrations which have given the colonists the name of "Jumpers." It is doubtful if there is an athlete who can perform the physical feats done daily by many of the members of this congregation. No sooner is the fervor of the congregation fired by the singing than the jumping begins. The word jumping is not used figuratively. Dozens and sometimes scores of the worshippers break into a perpendicular dance, which consists of jumping straight up and down with most marvelous rapidity. The jump is not merely the raising of the jumper on his or her toes, but a clean, flat-footed jump with both feet several inches from the ground.

The whirling of fanatical Arab dervishes has stood for the climax of physical demonstration in religion. Any dervish who will learn how to stand flat-footed and lift himself by his boot straps—or sandal thongs—as do the "Jumpers" at Waukesha will have an accomplishment that will surpass his old-time calling.

Divine healing is one of the most pronounced of the "Jumpers" beliefs. A distinction is made, however, between surgery and medicine. "The setting of a broken bone," explained Mr. Farson, "is a mechanical process and the first aid to nature. Still even in surgical cases we have had the most remarkable instances of the power of prayer to facilitate healing."



The Faithful Housewife: "Why Can't You Put That in Your Political Platforms?"

HONEYMOON WHITE HORSES.

Romantic Style in Which a Bride and Bridegroom Rode Away.

After their marriage the other day a bride and bridegroom mounted white horses and rode away from Engleby, Arnciffe, Yorkshire, to the lake district, where their honeymoon is being spent.

Attired in a gray habit with a black velvet collar, a cutaway coat and white waistcoat, with a white straw three-cornered hat upon her head and on her hands white gauntlet gloves, the bride looked extremely picturesque. She was Miss Phoebe Johnson, daughter of Walter Johnson, of Arnciffe hall, and niece of the late Sir Lowthian Bell. The bridegroom is William Astell Kaye, of Gloucester mansion, London.

By reviving this form of honeymoon journey Mr. and Mrs. Astell Kaye add one to many picturesque modern modes of honeymoon travel. An opportunity was given also for a demonstration of good will on the part of friends, for the couple were attended through the village by three of the bridesmaids and three cavaliers.

It will be remembered that the Marquis of Dute took his bride away from Ireland, her native land, last year to Scotland in his yacht, and the yacht was reached by a boat rowed by men in quaint historic costume. Several summer river weddings have been rendered very picturesque by the departure of the happy pair in the boat, the bridegroom at the oars and the bride at the rudder and motor boats and steam launches are in request for the same romantic purpose.

The obvious choice for a bride and

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS.

It will not do to exaggerate the weight and importance of the so-called Ethiopian movement, the keynote of which is expressed by the cry of "Africa for the Africans," and yet underlying it is one of the gravest problems awaiting the solution of the civilized world. That problem has to do with the future relations of the white and black races in Africa. Shall the latter be permanently relegated to a position of servitude and subjection, as the inevitable fate of an inferior race associated with one more highly developed, or shall the attempt be made to treat both on terms of equality before the law? Shall the majority of the inhabitants of the country, bearing a proportion of not less than twelve to one of the whites in Natal, for instance, be deprived of political rights by the white men who have come into the land to till its fields and develop its mineral resources? In a word, shall this great continent, with its teeming millions of black natives, be turned into a "white man's country," regardless of the interests and wishes of the blacks?

That the question is vastly more than an academic one is shown by the unrest among the Zulu and Kaffir populations of South Africa, and by the repeated uprisings of the Mohammedan negroes of the Niger region. So long as the country is governed from above, as in Nigeria and in the undeveloped portions of South Africa, the problem has not risen to vex the white rulers; but where the attempt is introduced to introduce democratic self-government is made—as in the Cape Colonies—it is acute. The men upon whom rests the real burden of the problem, the colonists, have small use for the humanitarianism and the theorists. They frankly declare that the cherished doctrine of equal rights for all men is not for them, and that the occupation of the country was for motives with which ethics have nothing to do.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A "BLACK LIST" OF FOODS.

ONE of the most interesting things to the student of political history and progress is the way in which federal statutes often stimulate State legislation and encourage the enforcement of State laws. The Lacey act for the protection of game by the national government has done more than any other one thing to secure the passage and enforcement of State game laws; and already the pure food and the meat inspection acts passed at the recent session of Congress have borne fruit in several States.

In Massachusetts and in New Hampshire particularly the State Boards of Health have made public the results of chemical analysis of many articles of food in daily use. These articles were bought in the open market, of local grocers, just as any householder buys them for his own use. When they are found to be adulterated or other than as represented on the labels, the State Boards of Health have published the fact, naming the packer, giving a description of the label, and telling just what and how much adulteration was found.

The State Boards have long been carrying on this work, but what is new is the fact that the newspapers have taken much more interest in it, and now print the reports in full. The Boards of Health in many other States

A TYRANT IS DEAD.

Gen. Trepooff Was the Most Hated Man in Russia.

Escaping time after time the knives and bullets of those who would have assassinated him, the man most hated by the Russian people, recently died a natural death at the palace of the Czar at Peterhof, near St. Petersburg. He was Gen. Dimitri Feodorovich Trepooff, the most detested and the most cruel tyrant who stood between the people and their hopes for reform. He was one of the most remarkable men in



GEN. DIMITRI TREPOOFF.

Russia. His father was a founding and never knew who his parents were, but he rose to be a power in the empire and the son followed in his footsteps, rising even higher. No man stood so firmly for despotism as did Dimitri Trepooff, and his life was constantly in danger. He was shot at over and over again. Three attempts to take his life were made in one week. While none of the assassins was ever successful in reaching him, they were really the cause of his death, for the constant worry and terror of his position broke down his health and led to his end.

Trepooff was a typical Russian—very tall, very strong, with cold blue eyes and a hard expression. He had no mercy in his soul and thought nothing of ordering the Cossacks to mow down the people on the slightest provocation. He was vulgar and illbred and possessed none of the gentlemanly

make similar examinations and prepare similar reports. Even if the reports may not be printed in the newspapers, they can usually be had on application, and the Department of Agriculture works in the same field.

The restraining and reformatory effect of these reports will be of great importance. Even a manufacturer who would like to cheat, if he could do so in safety, will hesitate to deceive when he knows that the reports of the State Board tell the truth about his products, and that the reports are accessible to all. Henceforth the household can buy in greater confidence than ever before.—Youth's Companion.

TO CURE THE HARRY THAWS.

HARRY THAWS' mother ruined her son when she changed the will of the boy's father. The latter left the spendthrift \$2,500 a year. Mrs. Thaw changed it to \$80,000 a year. It was a case of too much mothering. She put a handspan on the son's life, cheated him out of his chance.

Young Thaw never had the satisfaction nor the experience of earning an honest dollar. He never knew the keen joy of work. The exultation of the youth who turns from a wood box filled or a lawn mowed—a job well completed—never came to him. He was denied the opportunity of labor with his hands or the working out of an ideal with his head. The curse of idleness was upon him. For idleness is a curse. The dictum that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is a blessing. Work is the universal law of nature. It is the normal, sane business of man.

What could be expected of a young man who had more money than he knew how to spend and who made diversion his only purpose? There's a limit to having a good time. When you get so far natural pleasures pall and if the human has no occupation the craving for new emotions begins to pull on the appetite. Self restraint is overborne. Life is warped. Tastes are vitiated. Existence is artificial and false.

There is one cure for a thousand ills—useful labor. No man can live a sane existence without some healthy occupation. We are built that way.—St. Louis Star-Chronicle.

CHICAGO'S FREIGHT TUNNEL.

OTHER American city is in the happy position of Chicago in having a large system of freight tunnels, by which business houses can load goods from their cellars right into cars. The tunnel company connects its trunk tunnels with the larger houses in the downtown district, so that drays, teams and strikes of draymen are at an end. There are forty-five miles of tunnel equipped with rails and overhead trolley in the district bounded by Chicago avenue, the lake, Halsted and Sixteenth streets, constructed in the last five years at a cost of \$30,000,000. The railroads are to receive freight from the tunnel company at a minimum of expense. The system of underground freight tunnels is not a municipal enterprise, but was begun, it is alleged, by a subterfuge and carried on against the wish of the city fathers.—Baltimore American.

RIVER "NUDGED" HIM.

What Diver Thought When Tugboat Sank Beside Him.

Henry Tract, a diver, was at work on the bottom of the Harlem River this morning when a subsurface wave nearly knocked him down. This was a new experience for Tract, in spite of the fact that he has been prowling about river and bay bottoms in a diving bell for years. He has met queer fish and he has unexpectedly come across grow-some bodies often, but the river never pushed him before, says the New York Post.

The cause of this sensation was right at hand and very obvious, even through six feet of murky river water, way down below the level of passing keels. One keel had come down fast and hard below that level and Tract saw through the glass window of his steel mask the hull of a big boat settling in the mud right beside him and not more than his own length away.

Tract didn't wait to hail the tug. He wasn't on that unsteady job, and the boat, arriving so suddenly without whistling, made him nervous. Besides, he could see a red flag, not flying, of course, but winding in a moist, ghostly sort of way about the staff as the boat swayed gently when her keel first touched bottom.

A red flag always means danger, and Tract didn't investigate then to learn just what sort of danger a red flag under water indicates.

He jerked the emergency call on his signal cord and was hoisted to the surface.

There he learned that the boat which had sunk so uncomfortably close to him was the Harlem River. The tug was on her way to Flood Rock at Hell Gate for a load of dynamite, to be used in the government dredging operations at Central bridge, near 155th street. Hence the red flag.

The trip to Hell Gate wasn't finished because the boat was rammed and sunk by another tugboat, the Margaret D., off East 123d street. That's where Tract was at work repairing the city's submarine water pipes to Randall's Island.

Before the boat went down, her captain and crew all managed to scramble aboard the Margaret D.

After Tract had shaken some of the lead from his feet and had the top of his helmet unscrewed for a spell of natural breathing he remarked that a tugboat under normal conditions may be a very noisy, bustling sort of craft.

"But," he added, "the silliest thing I ever saw under the water or above it was that ghost boat coming down on me without a tug. It just pushed the river and the river nudged me so I looked up and there she was."

Cause for Gratification. The admirer of Miss Flutterby's musical talent had listened attentively, leaning with delight, while she executed a Chopin polonaise with considerable spirit, but with a decided lack of accurate aim.

"There," he said, turning to the young lady's brother for sympathetic enjoyment, when the last echo had died away, "that's what I call a finished performance!"

"Yes, indeed," said the brother, with fervor. "Sometimes there are three or four movements to her pieces."

It is said middle-aged women are more greedy for pie than boys.